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AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

BEQUEATHED BY
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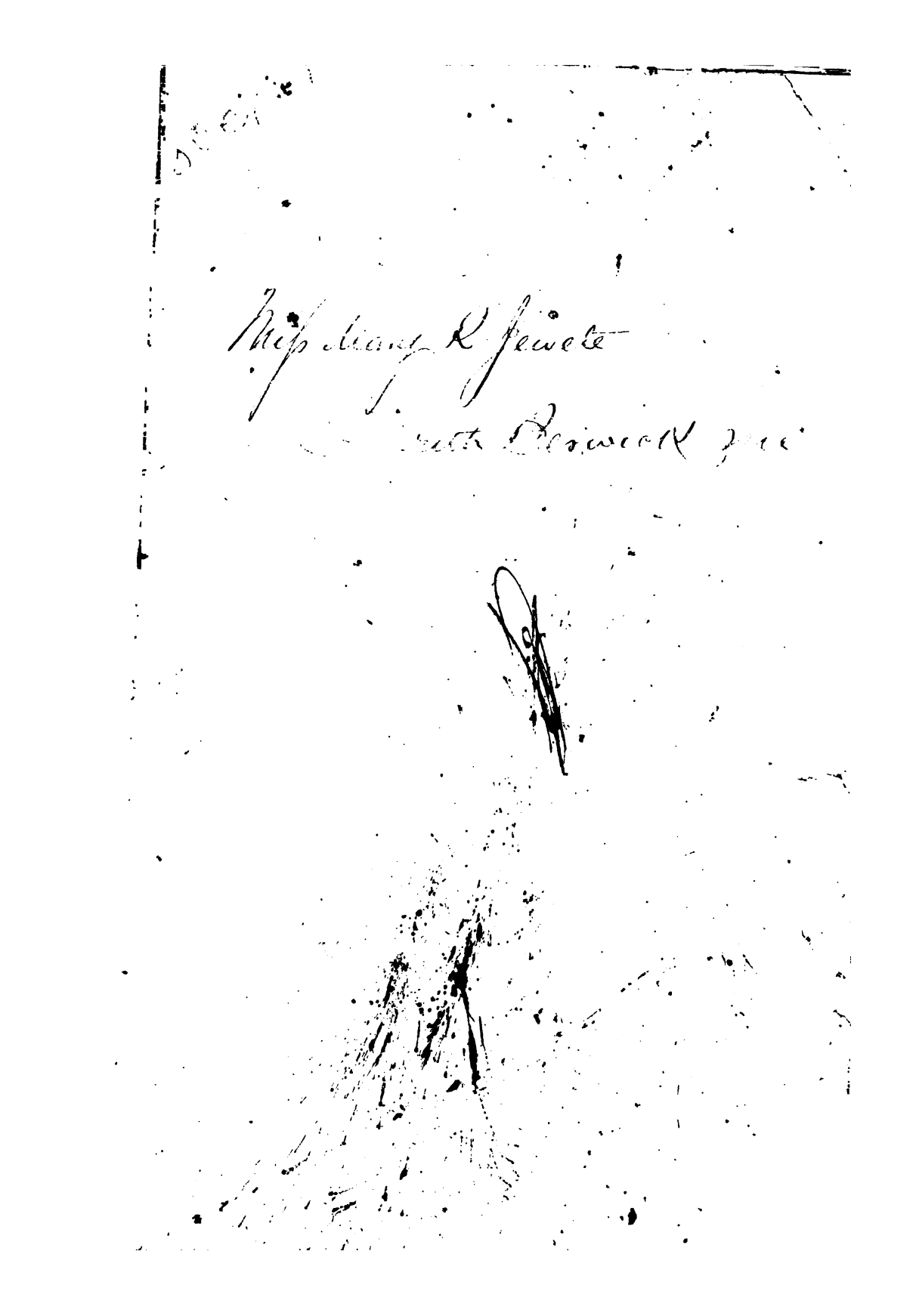
A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905
1931



SLOVENLY PETER REFORMED.

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Showing how he became

A NEAT SCHOLAR.

PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 Chesnut St.

1853.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. TITLE PAGE—THE CONTRAST.
II. SLOVENLY PETER'S MORTIFICATION.
III. CUTTING THE NAILS.
IV. CUTTING THE HAIR.
V. SCRUBBING OFF THE DIRT.
VI. SLOVENLY PETER IMPROVED.

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PREFACE.

CHILD.

Oh, Book, so beautiful to see,
Art thou a Story Book for me?

PICTURE BOOK.

I tell of naughty girls and boys,
Of ill-bred children, full of noise,
Perverse and grum, inclined to fret,
Who will not eat the soup they get,—
Who play with lights and fire when able,—
Who rock their chairs beside the table,
'Till falling down the dinner comes,—
Who suck at once at both their thumbs,

'Till in the tailor pops one day,
And clips with shears the thumbs away;
Of those who would not still abide,
Whilst their mammas to comb them tried,—
Who would not let their nails be cut,
Until at last so long they got,
That from the hands away they stretched,
Until the floor below they reached.
Child! were it beautiful to see,
Just such a picture drawn of thee?

CHILD.

Well, Picture Book, it gives me woe,
Because thou dost not ever show
In thy bright pictures, to our view,
What good and pleasant children do;
There must be such; and they can read,
Such children as are good indeed,
Who, when their parents call, obey,
And love to study every day.
Then pretty Book, pray try to find,
And bring me something of this kind.

PICTURE BOOK.

Well then, come here, and I will show
How once a child did better grow;
For though he was to ill inclined,
He through and through became refined;
'Twill bring you love and gladness too,
If you, like him, the good pursue.

SLOVENLY PETER MORTIFIED.

"Oh, come, and point with both your hands,
"Here dirty, slovenly Peter stands,
"With nails like claws, and hair 'tis clear
"Has had no combing in a year!"
These words the children round exclaimed,
'Till even Peter felt ashamed.
"My own loved mother," then cried he,
"I pray thee pity take on me;
"And comb and wash me neat and clean,
"That I no sloven may be seen."

CUTTING HIS NAILS.

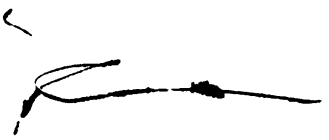
Then was the mother filled with joy,
That Peter was so wise a boy.
To cut his nails, her shears she brought,
But they were broken quick as thought,
So seeing scissors would not do,
She got the saw to cut them through;
But e'en the saw went slowly on,
So hard and stubborn they had grown,
And all the day-light was expended,
Before the mighty job was ended.

CUTTING HIS HAIR.

Next morning at the hair she tried,
Which hedged his head on every side;
Inflexible and straight, alack!
As bristles on a grunter's back.
Mamma took brush and comb in hand,
Whilst as a lamb did Peter stand;
She combed and cut the live long day,
And piles of hair around her lay,
Yet when the day its course had run,
Her shearing work but half was done.

THE HAIR ALL SMOOTH AND FAIR.

The cock the morning hour scarce cried,
Ere she commenced the other side;
The comb oft pulled the tangled hair,
And Peter had the pain to bear;
His head half sheared, looked very bad,
But that made not his mother sad,—
She combed and cut with vigour new,
For great the work she had to do;
And once again 'twas evening there,
Before the hair was smooth and fair.



SCRUBBING OFF THE DIRT.

Next day the comb and scissors rest;
But now the mother does her best,
With soap and sponge; she rubs away,
But on his face the dirt will stay.
He must be clean!—so then she makes
A whisk of twisted straw, and takes
Some scouring sand, and these applying,
She hears no whimpering or crying;
With patience he endures the rubbing,
For his the sin that brought the scrubbing.

THE GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Quite spruce and neat at morning red,
Was Peter when he skipped from bed,
Mamma so generous in her joy,
A bran new dress had brought her boy;
A snow white shirt, shoes, stockings fair,
A handsome cap for him to wear,
With tassel beautiful to please;
And when he dressed himself in these,
He stood as bright and tidy there,
As any little cavalier.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

Then Peter thought, "Now that I'm dressed,
What shall I do that would be best?
I will not say that all is done,
Because I have fine clothing on;
But since I'm neat and clean to day,
I'll go to school here straight away;
Then shall I wise and learned be,
I'll strive and learn my A, B, C,
The world will love me, and allow
I am not slovenly Peter now."

CONCLUSION.

It gives me hearty joy I own,
To see poor Peter better grown,
But every child will surely miss
To make so great a change as this,
Who, crookedly perverse of mind,
To keep bad habits are inclined.
They must in childhood's early day,
Keep far enough from faults away,
Before old habits, stiff and strong,
Shall lead them to defend the wrong.

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